

SOCIALISM SEEKING THE LIGHT

There Are Only Two Social Classes Today, Those Who Love Liberty and Those Who Favor Kaiserism

THE German sheila has blown up the illusions of the American Socialists about the war.

In 1916 the party declared in its national platform that the war was brought about by "the desire and effort of competing national groups of capitalists to grasp and control the opportunities for profitable investment," and that it was "one of the natural fruits of the capitalist system of production."

More than twelve months have passed and the social revolution has not occurred. The German Socialists are still co-operating with the Government in an attempt to force a military autocracy upon the world.

It is evident today to the American Socialists that the Entente Allies and the United States are fighting the cause of social democracy—that is, they are arrayed against class power and privilege, against autocracy and the rule of the iron heel, politically and industrially.

It must be said to his credit that Eugene V. Debs has at last perceived the truth. He is demanding the denunciation of the declarations of his party last year, when it called this a capitalists' war and said that the rich might pay for it if they wanted to.

BRIDGES FOR PEACE

Federal Government, aided by Colonel Hatch, of the Marines; Admiral Bowles and Mr. Schwab, has done a remarkable talent for animating municipal administration in works of business and in the realm of material progress as well.

There is a hurried "Aye, aye, sir!" by the Ferry bridge should have been long ago. It is dangerous. The River bridge should have been before this. Such improvements would have facilitated business, freed traffic routes and made life generally more comfortable for millions of people.

It is said that the Socialists do not intend to nominate any candidates for Congress this year, but that they will support the Republican or Democratic candidates who seem to them best to represent the issue.

Militant Socialism will die when this fact is recognized. The good that there is in the Socialist program will then find an easier acceptance because it can be considered on its merits unconfused by propaganda hostile to any social group.

ELLIS AMES BALLARD'S SHOES

"BE PATRIOTIC and walk!" said Thomas E. Mitten, president of the P. R. T., to the West Philadelphia trolley carrier when the shipyard rush overtaxed his lines.

That command from the heights still stands alone as the oddest summons to patriotic service. It involved the queerest suggestion yet advanced to make the world safe for democracy.

The high cost of shoes, utters Mr. Ballard, is such that the wear and tear on sole leather by one who would shrink from a six-cent trolley ride might represent a loss rather than a saving.

Is Ballard's time so valuable that he used lose nothing but an immeasurable quantity of shoe leather by walking long distances to and from his toll each day? Walking to work, as the general counsel of the P. R. T. might know, were he a closer student of the times, involves losses that cannot be computed in terms of shoes and shoe leather.

People might save a little by going without lunches and they might economize in money by doing without water and without light. But water and light and food, like trolley transportation, are indispensable in a system of communal existence like ours.

essentials of modern existence—including street railway accommodations—that may not be appreciated in the primitive terms so picturesquely enunciated by Mr. Mitten and Mr. Ballard.

If Hindenburg is really dead the boss of Hades will have to agitate himself to maintain prestige in his realm.

GERMANIZED MEXICO

CARRANZA and the German minister at Mexico City, aided by bribed and corrupted newspapers and legislators, are doing their utmost at Tampico to cut the supplies of fuel to the British and American fleets.

The Mexican Congress has imposed on British and American oil holdings in Tampico a system of taxes which is equivalent to the confiscation or paralysis of the industry. Foreign workers in the oil fields have been harassed and threatened.

Oil from Tampico is used in vast quantities by the Allied fleets. It cannot be dispensed with. Either a serious interruption in shipments or a diversion of extensive military force from the United States to Mexico would satisfy the Germans.

From the American point of view the present agitation in Mexico represents only the expiring paroxysm of the most venomous system of diplomacy that the world has ever known.

Representative Cannon, of Illinois, said he would like to take George Creel by the seat of his breeches and the back of his neck and hurl him into space.

The only padded suit expert in England has just been exempted from military service under a government order which held that he couldn't be spared.

The French Blue Devils doubtless would dislike to be told that the Kaiser warrants a designation precisely similar to theirs. Yet, all accounts indicate that he gets bluer every day.

The German prisoners who reported Hindenburg dead may merely have said what every one has long supposed—that Hindenburg was a dead one.

The Fifth Ward reveals the real purpose of a political club. Every politician carries one.

THE CHAFFING DISH

Ballad of Frugality

My board is blanda as honey. I shaves alternate days; On Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, My cheeks and chins I razed; On Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, My bootblack shines and buffs; But best of all my high days, The days I turn my cuffs.

I always wear soft collars. My old straw's on my head; I never buy my matches; But borrow them instead; Put cardboard in my insoles. But naught but hooversuffs, Best of all, my brothers, I always turn my cuffs.

*Double.

This is Thrift Stamp Week. Don't forget those little brothers of the Liberty Bond.

Lord Northcliffe's Medal

Lord Northcliffe has been paid a tribute that most delight him considerably. The Germans have found time to strike off a medal for him. One side of the medal shows Northcliffe sharpening his pen against a kind of nutmeg grater; from the bottom of the nutmeg grater a frog is crawling up his sleeve.

The other face of the medal represents Northcliffe as Mephistopheles gloating over a world which is wrapped in very unpleasant looking flames. Over the conflagration he is holding out some burning newspapers marked Times, Daily Mail, Evening News, Matin, Nowoje Wremja.

This must be a very pleasing tribute to Lord Northcliffe. And after all, the more pigiron the Germans put into those medals of theirs the less they will have for shells.

A Desk Motto for Lenin and Trotsky

Bolshevism is dynamite, which may be used for blasting rocks to prepare the foundation of a building; but you cannot make your building out of dynamite.

—Herman Bernstein, in the New York Herald.

Finland has its Red and White Guards; and the Ukraine has Blue Guards; even the Kaiser has his blackguards; but they all seem more guarded against than guarding.

We hesitate to buy any of those twenty-four-cent airplane stamps for our letters. Most of the things we write to our friends are not important enough to pay that to send them.

They used to tell us that truth is stranger than fiction. Not in the Fifth Ward. Down there they call Mr. Macfarlane's story "The

THE GOWNSMAN

"AMERICAN education today is amazingly permeated with German ideas; our methods, our pedagogy, our organization have become a degree Germanized."

THIR "educational penetration" is indubitably true, and it would be as unfair to deny that we have been benefited by the borrowing of foreign ideas as it would be preposterous to affirm that all we have which is good in education was "made in Germany."

WHAT are some of these "damnable intrusions"? One is that the English nation is an offshoot of the great German people, corrupted by mixture with other and, therefore, inferior stock and degenerated from the purity of Kultur.

GERMAN scholarship emulates German Goliath in this district. "Claim everything in sight, and then compromise." There was once an acrimonious discussion as to whether Goethe did not bring back from Göttingen not only all his philosophy, but all his poetry and all the brains which he employed in the production of either.

With German universities, German exchange professors, German art, music, painting, poetry, to the "German House" founded at Harvard and elsewhere, visits of German princes and a universal feeling of the superlative quality of everything German, we naturally expect to forget somewhat the unadverted nations; Italy, the land of beauty and of art; England, whence we had our Government and our blood; France, which has led us in the time of our need to our freedom.

THE mask is now off and we have mastered the formula: "Put in the peg of peaceful penetration, wherever there is crevice, crack or chink, and river in the stream, with the hammer of war." It remains for us to master the formula and to keep for our spots the good things which we had of him before he reached the riveting of the shams and the officialization. To the Gownsmen it seems an affliction to call a term of instruction a "semester," or a class in which there is consultation a "seminar."

GERMAN ideas in education have incalculable on us the preposterous notion that all subjects are equally worthy of pursuit, and that the method of instruction is of no importance and intrinsic quality and giving us that lovely word "research" will, which to cover up a multitude of sins and a wilderness of ignorance. Research is anything from looking up a word in the dictionary to the thing, and with it its corollary, the convertibility of any one thing into terms of any other.

THE excess in our American education of method over insight, its dangerous utilitarian trend, its tendency to set store on organization and on efficiency judged by material standards, these are some of the things which have begotten in us, to the end many of the finer things of life and of the arts languish at our great seats of learning. Research is an education that makes a man and an education that makes an efficient machine.

THE postoffice decided that under these new conditions it would be unsafe to deliver any mail until it had been censored and spent a hilarious twenty-four hours in reading the letters of the entire community. The village man-of-all-work, who had been engaged in mowing the lawns and raising vegetables for sale, was persuaded that to furnish the supplies of life was un-democratic, and declaring himself the panproletarian soviet of the ash-hills he ripped out all his beets and artichokes and planted skunk cabbages instead.

Now the Germans are talking about an offensive on sea. They'll find the Grand Fleet

"NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY! MUSTN'T FORGET IT'S NEARLY PRIMARY TIME!"



Bolshevik Uprising in Marathon; Ice Cream Sundae Indemnities

By Our Special Correspondent

Marathon, Pa., May 14. NOW that the wres are once more open for dispatches, it is possible to tell the true story of the Bolshevik uprising in Marathon, and particularly the sinister part played in the matter by the bureaucracy of Mandrake Park.

All wars and revolutions are due to causes partly sentimental, partly economic. The natural deposits of ice cream sundae and strawberry shortcake are exceedingly rich in Marathon and have always been coveted by the residents of Mandrake Park, the adjoining suburb on the Cinder and Bloodshot.

IT IS my exclusive privilege (as I have remarked so often in these dispatches) to explain how the Bolshevik uprising in Marathon was brought about by subtle propaganda from Mandrake Park. It began with the engineer of the 8:13 train, the favorite vehicle of the Marathon commuters every morning. Spies from Mandrake Park persuaded the engineer that a tedious and thoroughly bourgeois thing to run the train into town on rails every morning. Why not dismount from the track just before reaching Marathon and give the commuters a surprise? The engineer and train hands, seeing the philosophy of this idea, renamed themselves the Pancommuting Commissioners of Railroads, and the locomotive of the track and proceeded to run into Marathon on the county turnpike.

THERE is no space to describe in detail the ramified intrigues initiated from Mandrake Park. I can only tell the result in Marathon. In the first place, the Marathon pharmacy, declaring that it was weary of serving sundaes and shortcake to a bourgeois public, ran up the black flag, barricaded itself behind a bulwark of salted-peanut bags and refused to fill prescriptions. The resulting shortage of sweets and sodas roused a very menacing mood among the flappers and bolsheviks at the girls' boarding school on the hill. The pupils immediately organized themselves into a Battalion of Death, hoisted a silk stocking as their emblem and barbecued their Latin teacher.

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had neglected for many months to collect. A wealthy bourgeois was discovered endeavoring to secrete his stock of cigars by burying them in the garden. He pleaded that they were only chemical fertilizers, but none the less he was put to torture. He was tied to a post while the pansoviet commissioners smoked them before his very eyes.

In the parish house some of the more stolid citizens gathered to form a provisional government, protected by the boy scout troop; but the uproar outside, where all the citizens were celebrating their newfound liberty, was so great that the deliberations came to naught.

AFTER twenty-four hours the disorganization was complete. It had been announced that everybody would be able to do whatever he liked, but it was soon found that this meant no one could do anything. The newsdealer at the station, having decided that it was undemocratic for others to read the papers before he had done so himself, blockaded himself behind his wire gratings and refused to sell any papers or magazines until he had read them all from cover to cover. The Battalion of Death flappers, rendered desperate by the lack of soda water, sallied from their hilltop and laid waste the drug store. The men of the village, weakened by enforced abstinence from tobacco and newspapers, were powerless to do anything. Escape was impossible. The citizens of Mandrake Park having sunk an obsolete trolley across the high road, and the railway was not running. The Pancommuting Commissioners of Railroads, unable to control the disorder they had aroused, had retired to a tall trestle, whence they kept up an irregular sniping with monkey-wrenches and ball-bearings. The village laundress refused to wash any clothes unless she was elevated to the nobility under the title of Duchess of Suda.

MANDRAKE PARK was now ready to complete its infamous designs. An expeditionary force, heavily armed with safety razors, knitting falcons and infamous proposals, proceeded along the railway track calling loudly "Kamerad!" While this force engaged the attention of the distracted Marathonians, a large body of Mandrake Parkers rushed upon them from the flank, armed with frontier revolvers. While the Marathonians, under the leadership of their panproletarian soviet of the ash-hill were chanting in a lugubrious voice, "No annexations, no indemnities!" the forces of Mandrake Park had seized the ice cream pits and the shortcake quarries and the conquest was complete.

I AM not yet permitted to divulge in full the grotesquely tragic results of this infamous business. A negotiated peace was signed at the Marathon pharmacy by the high commissioners for Mandrake Park and the Marathon envoys. The before-mentioned panproletarian soviet, the Duchess of Suda and the chief of the Bolshevixens of the flapper school, Marathon was compelled to demobilize her boy scouts, to cut her train schedule in half and to pay an annual tribute to Mandrake Park amounting to 5,000,000 maple nut sundaes. The situation is very menacing for other suburban communities along the Cinder and Bloodshot, for Mandrake Park is stated over her success and as a

FINIS

I HAVE fought no mighty fight; I have kept no affrighted Fate; I have kept no fire alight; Pale within no temple-gate.

I have not done anything That is noble, brave or true; Nay, I cannot even sing Rondels beautiful or new. I have not been worth my bread; Yet thus much I beg in fee, When I lie among the dead Folk may murmur this of me:

"Here lies one within the tomb— Pencil stilled and parchment furled— Who was somewhat overcome By the beauty of the world."

—John McClure, in "Songs and Ballads."

Vacation Thoughtfulness

Thinking about the summer or autumn vacation problem yet? Better do your thinking and planning early this year. Of course you are busy. Your employer needs you and your best efforts. As a loyal American you are giving every ounce of energy to your daily "bit." So you're going to need a little rest to keep fit. To let yourself run down, to drop below standard is really un-American. Vacations are all the more needed in strenuous times. But this year plan your vacation trips thoughtfully. If you can, arrange for a change of work and scene, say from office or shop to some farm where your effort is needed and will tell in the sum total of food production this fall. Or if you must have real rest, go to some nearby rest place. Transportation facilities for long journeys will be taxed heavily; your self-restraint in making your journey a short one will be generally helpful. If you must go far afield go ahead of the rush. It's always wise to do so; it's doubly wise to do so this year.—Detroit Free Press.

Patriotic Balance

These war costs make one's head swim and one's pocket shrink. But if they make one's patriotism swell there'll be no harm done.—Charleston News and Courier.

Begin at Home

Some of our people have been so busy lamenting the laggardness of the Government in war preparation that they overlooked the need for buying a Liberty Bond.—Pittston Gazette.

Very Particular

Most girls fancy a soldier boy with blue, black, brown or gray eyes.—Toledo Blade.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. What is a Balcon Officer?
2. Name the author of "Jane Eyre."
3. What is the origin of the name of New York?
4. Where is Ostend?
5. Who is Vice Admiral Keese?
6. Identify "The Serpent of the Nile."
7. Who was Archibald Clavering Gunter and what was his peculiar?
8. What is a "boollan"?
9. Which is the Centennial State?
10. Who is the only man smart enough to know he must also apply?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. "Presently, I often say, under a shorn," is a quotation from "A Dissertation on the Poets" from "The Essays of Elia."
2. Elia: a pen name or sobriquet of Charles Lamb. English essayist of the early part of the last century.
3. Field Marshal Viscount French is the new British Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
4. The Venetian Red: the earliest English historical novel, 613-135.
5. "Waverley," the first of the series of historical novels, in which it gave the name, written by Walter Scott and first issued anonymously.
6. The fifth President of the United States was James Monroe. Secretary of War: Abraham Lincoln. James A. Garfield. William McKinley.
7. Louislana was named in honor of King Louis XIV of France, the "Grand Monarque."
8. Cumberland road, or National Pike, one of the United States Government roads. It was begun in 1785 and passed through the Potomac to the Ohio river.
9. "The last" is a colloquial term for a soldier and a sailor.
10. The only man smart enough to know he must also apply.